

It's Only Ever Skin Deep

by HamGirl168

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Summary: Hamtaro teaches Bijou a whole new meaning to the phrase
"From The Heart"

1. The New Student

- **Summary: Hamtarō teaches Bijou a whole new meaning to the phrase "From The Heart"**

-And now we begin.....

She settled her suitcase down along the soft green grass, her heart now racing with a type of new excitement. She adjusted the hem of her navy blue uniform, and brushed off the slightest traces of any lint off her shoulders. She traced her hands down her sweater, which fit snugly around her 19 inch waist. Her knee highs were uniformly stretched to her mid leg, and her blue Mary-Jane shoes were polished to perfection. Her hair came down to her shoulder, and the layers framed her face so well. Her emerald eyes beamed as the light of the Japanese mid-day sun shined above her.

She stared at the school, its walls shaped like an old, brittle castle from the renaissance. There was moss covering the faded white walls, and crumbles of broken brick lay near to the structure. She saw a couple of boys and girls lying under one of the man cherry blossoms spotted along the campus.

She smiled. She stroke her fingers against the strap of her navy blue, leather messenger bag, which was slouched securely against her shoulders. She reached into the bag and pulled out a little tape recorder.

"Bijou," She said quietly, "day one: entering the school."

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"Oh my gosh! I had no idea it was twelve already!" The ham-human Pashmina raced down the red-carpeted stairs of the school. "Sandy!" She cried, looking for her "best friend".

The carpeted stairway led to the lobby of the school, and Pashmina, when she had gotten to the bottom of the stairs, looked frantically around the lobby.

"Sandy's with Maxwell," a voice suddenly said. "They're having a picnic under the cherry blossoms."

"Hamtaro!" Pashmina exclaimed, looking for the ham-human. "Where are you?"

Hamtaro stepped out from behind the stairway, an amused expression on his face. "What are you so worried about? It's Saturday. We have all of tomorrow to finish our homework," he joked.

"Not funny," Pashmina snapped, adjusting her uniform. "Fix your tie."

"Why?" He asked in reply, adjusting the blue tie of his uniform. "You're acting as if royalty's coming over!"

"Exactly!"

"'Exactly' what? Royalty's coming to this school?
Seriously?"

Pashmina took a deep breath. "Sort of. The daughter of a French aristocrat has chosen our school as a high school! Doesn't that make you feel special?!"

"So she's a freshman?"

"No. She's our age. She's been tutored privately her whole life, but not anymore. She wants to complete her senior year at a real school, and she thinks our school's worthy enough!!!"

"I see," he responded simply. "Can she speak Japanese?"

"I don't know. But I do know that she looked all over the world for a decent high school, and she decided to come here."

"But, I'd figure that the French schools would be more suitable for her!"

"Who cares! This is a great honor for Satomi Private High School!
Don't ruin it!"

"So, why again were you looking for Sandy?"

Pashmina took a large breath again, "Because, Sandy and I were chosen

to give this girl a tour of the school—"She cut herself off when she got a glance of the cherry wood, massive grandfather clock looming in the lobby. "It's 12:05 already! We were supposed to meet her at the front gates five minutes ago! She's with Maxwell right now?! Not fair!"

"Mr. Terashima's really angry about you not meeting the girl," Hamtarō said quietly.

"How do you know that?" Pashmina asked, rubbing her temples in frustration.

The doors of the school opened quietly. Pashmina couldn't hear them open, but Hamtarō saw Mr. Terashima, the principal, walk in. His wrinkled face was even more stretched out with the presence of the scowl. His eyes shined viciously as his glasses reflected light. He walked up quietly behind Pashmina, Hamtarō staying quiet in fear.

"Pashmina," His voice rang thunderously, "weren't you assigned to be somewhere at twelve this afternoon?"

Pashmina jumped in fear at his voice, and dared not to turn around. Before she could answer, the principal spoke up.

"You abdicated your duties; luckily I was there to see the girl simply standing there, confused of where her guides were. While I retrieve your friend, Sandy I believe, I trust you will accompany Bijou."

"Is that her name?" Pashmina asked sheepishly, Hamtarō stifling his laughter.

"Yes. Now, if you'll excuse me." And the principal walked quickly away, commencing his search for Sandy.

As soon as the principal left, Hamtarō let out his suppressed giggles.

"Shut up," Pashmina retorted. The doors quietly swung open once again. A light cast the silhouette of a figure as she walked in slowly.

Pashmina put her face in her hands, listening to Hamtarō's hyena-like laughter.

"Sandy, that better be you," Pashmina mumbled, too embarrassed to look up.

"Errâ€|Excuse moi?" A gentle voice asked.

Hamtarō looked up to the new sound and his eyes kept staring. Pashmina had her face painted red as she slowly turned her body to the girl's voice.

A lovely girl of 5' 6" was standing there, her luminous smile donning on her face. She had on the girls' uniform of a navy blue sweater, white blouse, and navy blue skirt. Her complexion was peachy, and her skin looked as smooth as silk. Her hair was white, like the puffiest clouds on a mid-April morning. Her eyes were deep, rich green like

the stem of the reddest rose. Her figure was slim, but it suited her well. A light blush was upon her cheeks as she outstretched her hands to Pashmina.

"Salut! Je suis Bijou!" She said excitedly. (Hello! I'm Bijou!)

"Errâ€|" Hamtaro spoke, not able to take his eyes off her.

"Hi," Pashmina squeaked in embarrassment. "I'm Pashminaâ€|Sorry about the inconvenience of not having your guides for you, I mean, it was really all Sandy's fault 'cause she was with Maxwell when she should've have been with me, guiding you and allâ€|Ummâ€|It looks like your uniform fits." Pashmina took in a deep breath, closed her eyes, but then opened her eyes to see Bijou looking quite confused.

"Pashmina," Hamtaro whispered as he came to her side, "I don't think she can understand usâ€|"

"Je ne parle pas japonais," Bijou said quietly. (I don't speak Japanese.)

"Mr. Terashima warned me about something like this. Hamtaro, go get Madame Butcher," Pashmina ordered.

"Why?"

"Because she's the main French teacher at this school and we really need her at the moment!"

Hamtaro eventually went, but before he did, he stared at Bijou one more time. Bijou's eyes met his for a second, and Bijou smiled.

'_He's the one,' _Bijou thought as a smirk came onto her face.

As Pashmina watched Hamtaro leave, she turned to Bijou.

"I knew I should've taken French instead of Spanish," Pashmina told herself quietly.

"Yes, you should have. Honestly, I believe that French is a much more dignified language than Spanish, wouldn't you agree?" Bijou asked casually as she pulled out a compact mirror to check her complexion.

"I don't know---Wait, did you just speak in Japanese?" Pashmina asked with bug eyes.

"Yes. Is there a problem with that? I figured it was your first language," Bijou replied, tucking away her mirror into her messenger bag.

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Authors note: I really like this story don't you agree? I have some pretty bad news folks. Celestial Night gave up writing on Many people have taken the ham-human idea from her when she started it. She has told me that people take her ideas and she will take it no longer take the abuse so she wanted me to put her story up. Remember to read and review!!!!!! And remember, Celestial was one of a kind. Flame me all you want, she and I have all the proof that she started with the ham-humans first!!!!

2. Some Explanations

Hiya! It's great to actually update this fic! Sorry I haven't been updating my fics. I promise I will though!

Time to answer reviews!

hamstermaster11- Thanks so much! I totally agree! H+B
4-Ever!

Killian- Omg! Thank you so much! What is your Pokemon story called? I'll be glad to read it! Again thank you for putting this story on your fav. list!

Absh- Yes I know Celestial Night and she wanted me to post her story since she quit writing on Hamtaro. Thanks so much for the nice comment! And I am SO sorry I got you confused! If you have anymore questions, please tell me them so I can help you understand the problem better, okay? Thanks again!

a-hamtarodreamer- Thanks I hope it was a nice story! Yes Celestial Night wrote this story but she wanted me to post it, you know, since she quit writing for Hamtaro. I do know her in person, we are very good friends! I'm so sorry I got you confused too. If you have any questions, please tell me them because I feel SO bad for confusing you and everyone one else. Thanks again!

Shadow Kitsune67- Thanks so much! I hope you never get bored of it cause it does get interesting!

Mayday Parker- Awwwww! Thank you so much!

Mikkasura- Thanks! I know, Hamtaro is a pretty weird name, that is the name of one of my favorite shows and one of the cutest hamsters everywhere! Even if in this story he's a ham-human. Anyway, thanks again!

Dbzgtfan2004- Well, when you read this chapter, you should ask that question to yourself again, "Bijou likes Hamtaro?" but yes I do think that is a cute couple. So, right H+B forever! Same her about the Boss thing. Thanks again!

Hope you enjoyed the first chapter now here goes the second!

BTW, sorry I didn't put the disclaimer last time so here it is!

Disclaimer: I don't own anything in this story but I wish I did!

On with the story!

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Bijou stared at Pashmina as if the answer was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Yes, I believe I just spoke Japanese," Bijou said, her voice a bit impatient. "I **just **told you that," she reminded as she stared at Pashmina's slightly opened mouth.

"B-but-butâ€¦ You acted like you couldn't understand Hamtaro and me." Pahmina said as she pointed her finger to the fellow senior.

"Yes," Bijou added with a sigh. "I'd love to explain, but your comrade should be arriving shortly with the French teacher, and your other friend, Sandy, I believe, should be here any moment with the principal. And, I'd like to keep my Japanese-speaking skills between you and me, if you please." She added as somewhat of an afterthought.

Pashmina stuttered again with what to say, but Hamtaro came quickly down the lobby's stairs.

"Pashmina," he said, avoiding Bijou's gaze (he had been thinking about her ever since he first saw her, and just her smile made him blush terribly). "Madame Boucher and every other French teachers are away at this Francophone convention. They won't be back until Monday."

"That's OK," Pashmina said, suddenly shifting her gaze from Bijou to Hamtaro. "When Sandy comes back, we'll use her as a translator. She has been taking French for like seven years." Pashmina looked at Bijou, who was tediously studying Hamtaro while still keeping her distance, and then back to Hamtaro, who suddenly found a severe interest with his feet. "Hmmmâ€¦Hamtaro, I have to show Bijou around the school. Maybe you should go hangout with the guys, unless you would like to help me with the tour?"

"No," he replied quickly, "I'll go." And he speedily rushed up the stairs, taking the long way to the boys hangout instead of brushing pass Bijou, who was directly in front of the main door (the short way to the hangout).

"My friend seems to become quiet whenever around you," Pashmina said quietly as if she were humming to herself.

"He likes me," Bijou said flatly. "I noticed it when he origanally left to get the French teacher. This is good; I never expected to find a boy this early."

"So, you like him too?"

An amused smile formed on the lines of Bijou's mouth. She was about to answer honestly and say "No", but then Sandy walked in through the front door, followed by Mr. Terashima. Bijou and Pashmina turned to

look at Sandy, and the two girls were quite surprised to see Sandy, water stains all over her uniform.

"After a quick change into her spare uniform, Sandy here will join you in the tour," Mr.Tereshima explained. "Pashmina?" the principal asked, staring at Bijou.

"Yes?"

"Can the girl speak Japanese?"

It only took Pashmina a split-second to think of her answer

"â€|. No, Mr.Tereshimaâ€|."

Bijou gave Pashmina a grateful smile, but Pashmina ignored it.

"Well then, I suppose we'll have to order the French textbooks. I hope Bijou's parents will understand that they will have to pay for the textbooksâ€|" He trailed off, quickly said something like "Excuse me," and left, most likely to his office.

"What happened to you?" Pashmina asked Sandy, who had been silent during the whole conversation.

"Stan. Water Balloons. Ruined picnic," Sandy muttered under her breath. "Do the math."

"My acceptance letter said that I'd be sharing a dormitory with you, and since you have to change into your other uniform, perhaps that's where we could start the tour?" Bijou asked, her voice quiet like a mouse.

Sandy wrinkled her nose, and her ears twitched with curiosities, surely this was a confusing moment. "Pashmina, you said thatâ€|"

"I'll have a chance to explain at your dormitory," Bijou said impatiently.

Pashmina thought for a moment. "I want to hear your story," she said pointing at Bijou. "And Sandy, you need to change your clothes. So I suppose that the dormitory would be bestâ€|"

At the boys' hangoutâ€|_

"Stan how can you sit there with a smile on your face?" Maxwell asked as he wrung out water from the tablecloth he and Sandy were using. "You assaulted us and sabotaged our date."

"A date," Stan reminded, "that was never supposed to happen. Sandy was supposed to be guiding that cute girl around the school, and my water balloons were an ingenious way of opening Sandy's eyes to her neglected responsibilities."

"So you've seen Bijou?" Hamtaro asked quickly.

Stan looked down. At the moment, Stan was sitting in the epicenter of the cherry blossom's branches. Hamtaro and Maxwell were both sitting

at the trunk of the tree, but up until now, Hamtaro had not spoken a word.

"I forgot you were here," he told Hamtaro. "But yeah, I saw her walking across the lawn with Mr. Tereshima. She's cute!"

Hamtaro's only response to this comment was a deep blush.

"Hmmpf! Hamtaro, what is that upon thou's face?" Stan asked, noticing the blush, as he smirked.

Maxwell rolled his eyes at Stan's stupid use of Elizabethan language, but Hamtaro remained as still as a statue.

"Look hither, Maxwell," Stan said as he jumped down the tree and landed on the ground. "It seems that our Hamtaro has stumbled upon a blush at the mention of the 'cuteness' of this Bijou girl. Has he stumbled across a crush likewise?"

"Stanmpf!" Hamtaro said angrily.

"This is the first time I've seen Hamtaro show feelings for any type of girl," Maxwell added, putting the tablecloth in his picnic basket.

"Why, Maxwell, thou speak the truth!" Stan exclaimed. "Hamtaro, thou should be franker with I! Tis your best friend you talk to!"

"I never said I liked her, Stan," Hamtaro said as he took a deep breath.

"Ahhmpf! but your eyes tell a tale of a different concept!" Stan said while he mystified his voice.

"Stan, now it's getting annoying. You don't live in the era of 'Romeo and Juliet', so please stop it," Maxwell pleaded as he tried to brush off some dirt on his tie.

Stan ignored Maxwell. "Could it be that you've fallen in love, Hamtaro?"

In the girls dormitory

Bijou stared around the room, a bit disappointed for the room was only as big as her walk-in closet.

"Is _that_ my bed?" She asked softly when she saw a plain, twin-sized bed lying adjacent to the window.

"Yeah," Pashmina said, not really listening to the girl. "Now, Bijoumpf!" Pashmina sat down on her bed which was covered with lovely pink sheets and matching light blue pillows of various shapes, "about you speakin Japanese?"

Sandy walked out of the bathroom that the three girls would now have to share. "Yeah, about that, could you give us a clue?" She asked as she adjusted the skirt of her new uniform.

Bijou walked to her bed and sat down on the white sheet. "Do you

believe in true love?"

Back with the boys

"Love is a strong word," Hamtaro told Stan. "I mean, it's possible that I kind of am interested in her—"

"So you admit it?"

Hamtaro had just realized that Stan, in attempt to make Hamtaro say he didn't 'love' the girl, made Hamtaro admit that he had a tiny crush on her, which were Stan's intentions all along.

"Errâ€|" Hamtaro was left in a rather uncomfortable position.

Back with the girls

"What does love have to do with it?" Sandy asked, a vision of her ruined picnic in the back of her mind.

"It has to do with everything," Bijou said in more of a whisper as she looked out the window. "I know Japanese because I have studied it thoroughly ever since I could read. I'm actually quite fluent in it, and if you don't mind me saying, I probably know more Japanese structure than you two. Anyways, because I could speak Japanese, I figured Ham-Human Japan would be the best place for my project to take place."

"What project?" The two Ham-Humans asked.

"I was hoping you'd ask that," Bijou replied.

Again with the boys

"Just admit it! I won't tell anybody—well, maybe Boss or somebody—but that's it! I might tease you, too, but look at what I did to Maxwell! I torture anybody and everybody that has a crush or a special someone,"

"It's kind of shallow of me, because I've only seen her smileâ€|"

Again with the girls

"All my life I have been fascinated with Journalism. I didn't want to become one for the fame or money; I already have all that. What I really wanted was to write stories, write about stories! I'm in love with the field!â€|Moving on, my big break came when a few months ago I got an offer to intern at one of Europe's most famous journals, and all I need to do is prove that love doesn't exist—"

"How can you do that?" Sandy asked, her confused expression matching Pashmina's.

"But it's true, isn't it? Men are only always interested in a girl for her looks. My job is to find a boy anywhere in the world, I chose Japan because my fluency in the language, and make him think he loves me, when all the while he'll only care for my looks. If I can write a successful story on that topic and prove my point, I get that internship," Bijou explained happily.

"And that boy's Hamtaro, isn't it?" Pashmina asked.

"He's never had a decent conversation with me, and you know, Pashmina, that he likes me. It's quite obvious."

"But Hamtaro's not that type of guy," Sandy explained. "He might like you at first for your looks, but he's not that shallow to fall in love with you just because of that."

"He's not going to fall in love with me," Bijou informed, "because he's only going to think he's in love. Guy's minds work that way."

"But, what if he actually starts to love you?" Pashmina asked as tears started to form in her eyes.

"That won't happen." Bijou walked over to Pashmina, and sat down next to her on her bed. "There's no such thing as love."

Do I really have to say it?

Stan continued to tease Hamtaro about this new Bijou girl.

Her smile was absolutley captivating.

However, Hamtaro couldn't believe how shallow he was being. He liked her for her smile, or so he thought. Little did he know that his heart responded to the innocence in her eyes and the sweetness in every syllable she enunciated, but those were all subtle characteristics at the moment.

Maybe, just maybe, he was starting to grow slowly, but surely, fonder of her every time he thought about her. Maybe this crush would grow into something stronger ,like, possibly, what Stan saidâ€!

Yes, you know what I'll say...

"You think that you can come to this school and toy with emotions for a stupid intension?" Pashmina raised her voice as tears started to fall from her eyes.

"No emotions will be hurt because men don't have very deep feelings; whatever feelings they _do_ have are only ever skin deep."

So, how'd you like chapter two? I liked it! Please R/R, if the e-mail thing dosen't work for some odd reason. I already know why. Don't ask though! I don't want to confuse anyone else anymore! Until chapter threeâ€|.BUHBYE!

End
file.